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PREACHING AT ST. PAULS CROSS.

[FROM AN ANCIENT ENGRAVING.]

ST. PAUL'S CROSS AND OLD ST. PAUL'S.

THE above engraving represents a scene in *Old St. Paul's* church-yard, as it appeared in the year 1620. In the foreground is the famous *St. Paul's Cross*, which was a pulpit of wood, mounted upon stone steps, and covered with lead, situated on the north side of the cathedral, and towards the east end. In it, is seen the then Bishop of London, preaching before King James the First, who, with his Queen, and Prince Charles, are placed in a covered gallery adjoining the cathedral. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen are also present, but the greater part of the congregation are sitting in the open air.

A short account of the cross and of the *old church*, as they stand in the print, will best explain the particular occasion of this sermon being preached.

The age of the first Paul's-cross is unknown: but we read of its existence in the year 1259, in the reign of King Henry the Third, and of its having been rebuilt in the 15th century, after being defaced by a storm of thunder and lightning. The chief purpose for which it was used, was as a place for the delivery of sermons every Sunday, in the forenoon, by clergymen appointed by the Bishop of London. For keeping up these, many liberal benefactions were bestowed; and, as some of the clergy had to travel from the Universities, or elsewhere, the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen ordered, in the year 1607, that every one that should preach there, should "at his pleasure, be freely entertained for five days' space, with sweet and convenient lodging."

Various sermons, preached upon this spot, by eminent men, during the stirring times of English history, are on record. Here, in 1547, Bishop Latimer preached three Sundays following. Here, on the 16th July, 1553, Ridley, Bishop of London, preached; and here, in 1588, Queen Elizabeth caused a sermon of thanksgiving to be delivered for the preservation of her subjects from the *Invincible Armada*. We are informed, too, that, on the 17th of November, 1595, (her Majesty's birthday,) "The Pulpit Cross, in St. Paul's Church-yard, was new repaired, painted, and partly enclosed with a wall of brick. Doctor Fletcher, Bishop of London, preached there in praise of the Queen, and prayed for her Majesty, before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens, in their best liveries. Which sermon being ended, upon the church-leades the trumpets sounded, the cornets winded, and the quiristers sung an anthem. On the steeple many lights were burned, the Tower shot off her ordinance, the bells were rung, bone-fires made, &c."

Nor was St. Paul's Cross set apart for the uses of instruction alone. It was made to answer the ambitious ends of Richard the Third, in seeking his bad eminence. In it Jane Shore did penance; there the cause of Henry the Eighth's first Queen was assailed, and the titles of Mary and Elizabeth were disputed.

The last sermon said to have been preached at this Cross, was before James the First, who came on horseback, in great state, from Whitehall, on Mid-Lent Sunday, 1620. He was met, at his entrance into the city, by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who presented him with a purse of gold. At St. Paul's, he was received by the clergy, in their robes. Divine service was performed, accompanied with an organ, cornets, and sackbuts; after which, his Majesty went to a place prepared for his reception, where Dr. John King, Bishop of London, preached a most excellent and learned sermon, upon a text given him by the King.—Psalm cii. 13, 14: *Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for it is time that Thou have mercy upon her; yea, the time is come. And why? Thy servants think upon her stones: and it pitieth them to see her in the dust.*

The object of the sermon was the repairing of the Cathedral; and, at the conclusion of the discourse, the king and the principal persons retired to the bishop's palace to consult on the matter.

It seems that, at that time, *St. Paul's Cathedral* had fallen into great decay. It was an extremely ancient structure, having been commenced by Maurice, a Bishop of London, whom William the Conqueror nominated to that see. It met with many difficulties before its completion, and suffered much from fire and other injuries; but in 1312, when a measure was taken of that stately and magnificent church, the length was about 700 feet, and the height, including the tower and spire, upwards of 520 feet. The church was in the form of a long cross. The greatest calamity which befel it, previous to its entire destruction at the Fire of London, was on the 4th of June, 1561, when the great spire was struck by lightning, which broke out a little below the cross at the top, and burnt downwards to the battlements, stone-work, and rafters with such fury, that, in four hours, the whole roof was consumed.

Although something was done towards covering in the building, the restoration of the steeple continued to be neglected until the reign of James the First, when, in order to promote the repair of the decayed fabric, that monarch paid the visit to the church, which is referred to in the plate. The result was, that the king issued a commission for a general benevolence throughout the kingdom; but the collection advanced slowly until about the year 1631, soon after which (in 1633), Inigo Jones began the work.

However beautiful may have been the portion of building, considered in itself, which was added by this great architect, he has been blamed for having grafted a Grecian portico on a Gothic structure. But it was not doomed to survive long. The great Fire of London, in 1666, reduced the whole to ashes. It had previously undergone considerable injury in the times of the civil discord; and *St. Paul's Cross* had, during the mayoralty of Sir Isaac Pennington, been pulled down.

Notwithstanding many discouragements, the commencement of a new and splendid cathedral was soon undertaken. King Charles the Second issued a commission, and contributed £1000. per annum towards this good object. Aid was granted by parliament, by means of a duty laid, from time to time, on all coals imported at the port of London; part of the amount going towards the building of *St. Paul's*, the remainder towards that of the other churches which had been similarly destroyed.

The first stone of the present noble pile was laid in 1675, and it was finished in 1710. It is worthy of remark that, although it was thirty-five years in building, it was begun and completed by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and under one prelate, Henry Compton, Bishop of London. It is also said that the same stone-mason (whose name was Strong) saw the laying of the first and last stone.

More than five hundred workmen were frequently employed in it at the same time.

St. Paul's was built according to a *third* design of the architect, the two former having been declined. A singular circumstance is mentioned relative to the beginning of the work: while Sir Christopher was setting out the dimensions of the dome, he ordered a common labourer to bring him a flat stone; he happened to bring a broken piece of a grave-stone, on which was the word *RESURGAM*. This was not lost on the great architect: he caught the idea of the *Phœnix*, rising from its ashes, which he placed on the south portico, with that word cut beneath.

A SUNDAY AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

At an early hour of the morning, even before we had taken our breakfasts on board ship, a single islander, here or there, or a group of three or four, wrapped in their large mantles of various hues, might be seen winding their way among the groves fringing the bay on the east, or descending from the hills and ravines on the north, towards the chapel; and, by degrees, their numbers increased, till, in a short time, every path along the beach, and over the uplands, presented an almost uninterrupted procession of both sexes, and of every age, all passing to the house of God. So few canoes were round the ship yesterday, and the landing place had been so little thronged, as our boats passed to and fro, that one might have thought the district but thinly inhabited; but now, such multitudes were seen gathering from various directions, that the exclamation, "What crowds of people!" was heard from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle. Even to myself it was a sight of surprise:—surprise, not at the magnitude of the population, but that the object for which they were evidently assembled, should bring together so great a multitude. And as my thoughts re-echoed the words, "What crowds of people!" remembrances and affections of deep power came over me, and the silent musings of my heart were, "What a change, what a happy change!" when at this very place only four years ago, the known wishes and example of chiefs of high authority, the daily persuasion of teachers, added to motives of curiosity and novelty, could scarce induce a hundred of the inhabitants to give an irregular, careless, and impatient attendance on the services of the sanctuary.

The scene, as looked on from our ship, in the stillness of a brightly-beaming Sabbath-morning, was well calculated, with its associations, to prepare the mind for strong impressions on a nearer view, when the conclusion of our own public worship should allow us to go on shore. Though the services had commenced when we landed, large numbers were seen standing round the doors without, but, as we afterwards found, only from the difficulty of obtaining places within.

The house is an immense building, capable of containing many thousands, every part of which was filled, except a small area in front of the pulpit, where seats were reserved for us, and to which we made way, in slow and tedious procession, from the difficulty of finding a spot to place even our footsteps, without treading on the limbs of people, seated on their feet, as closely, almost, as they could be stowed.

I can scarce describe the emotions experienced in glancing an eye over the immense number seated so thickly on the matted floor, as to seem literally one mass of heads, covering an area of more than nine thousand square feet.

I have gazed on many worshipping assemblies, and of every variety of character, from those formed of the high and princely, with a splendour and pageantry of train befitting the magnificence of the cathedrals in which they bowed, to the humblest "two or three" who ever came together at a place where prayers were wont to be made. I have listened with delighted attention to some of the highest eloquence the pulpits of England and America of the present day can boast; and have watched, with sympathetic excitement, the effect produced by it. I have seen tears of conviction and of penitence flow freely, even to the seeming breaking of the heart, under the sterner truths of the word of God: but it was left for a worshipping assembly at Hido, the

most obscure corner of these distant islands, to excite the liveliest emotions I ever experienced, and to leave the deepest impressions of the extent and unsearchable riches of the Gospel which I have ever known.

With the exception of the inferior chiefs, and a few others, scarce one of the whole multitude was in other than the native dress—the *maco* and the *kihei*—the simple garments of their primitive state.

In this respect, and in the attitude of sitting, the assembly was purely pagan; but the breathless silence; the eager attention; the half-suppressed sigh; the tear; the various feelings, sad, peaceful, joyous, discoverable in the faces of many, all spoke the presence of an invisible, but omnipotent power. It was, in a word, a heathen congregation, laying hold on the hopes of eternity. The simple appearance, and every deportment of that obscure congregation, whom I had once known, and at no remote period, only as a set of rude, licentious, and wild pagans, did more to rivet the conviction of the divine origin of the Bible, and of the holy influences by which it is accompanied to the hearts of men, than all the arguments, and apologies, and defences of Christianity I have ever read.—*STEWART'S Visit to the South Seas.*

GREAT SUCCESS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

ON the 6th of September, 1680, I dined (says the celebrated JOHN EVELYN) with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came as a poor boy from the choir of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy, (brother to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland,) who procured for him an inferior place amongst the clerks of the king's kitchen. In this situation he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that (his Majesty being in exile) the king and lords frequently employed him about their affairs, and trusted him both with receiving and paying the little money they had.

Returning with his Majesty to England, after great wants and great sufferings, his Majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that being advanced from Clerk of the Kitchen to that of the Green-cloth, he caused him to be made paymaster to the whole army, and by his dexterity and punctual dealing he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence.

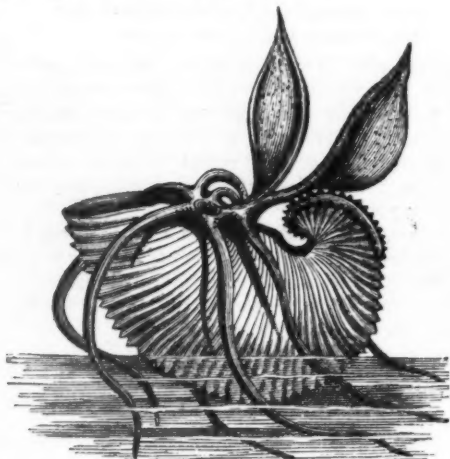
The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so enrich him that he is believed to be worth at least two hundred thousand pounds, honestly gotten, and unenvied, which is next to a miracle. With all this, he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was. He is generous, and lives very honourably, of a sweet nature, well spoken, well bred, and is so highly in his Majesty's esteem, and so useful, that being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the cofferer's place after Harry Brouncker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her twelve thousand pounds. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is virtuous, and very religious.

THE PAPER NAUTILUS.

Argonauta Argo.

THE curious inhabitant of this elegant shell has, from the earliest ages, excited the admiration of the student in natural history; and, at the same time, its true nature has eluded the research of the most acute observers. The animal agrees in so many points with the Sepia or Cuttle-fish, which never possesses a shelly covering, that, had it been found without that beautiful addition, naturalists would have referred it, without hesitation, to that particular

division of the dwellers in the deep; it is, however, always met with along with the shell; and although there appears to be no bond of union between the tenant and its dwelling, still the purposes to which it applies it, imply at any rate a long-continued occupancy, if they do not absolutely point out the Nautilus as the original architect of the shell.



The Paper Nautilus.

The name Argonaut has been applied to this sea-born navigator from its resemblance, when floating on the surface of the waves, to a vessel in full sail, Argo being the name of the ship which was supposed to have been the first fitted out for commercial adventure.

In calm summer days, these beautiful little creatures may be seen, in considerable numbers, steering their little barks on the surface of the waters of the Mediterranean. The words of the ancient Roman naturalist, Pliny, give a pleasing description of its habits. "Among the principal miracles of nature (says he) is the animal called Nautilus or Pompilos: it ascends to the surface of the sea, in a supine posture, and gradually raising itself up, forces out, by means of its tube, all the water from its shell, in order that it may swim more readily; then throwing back the two foremost arms, it displays between them a membrane of wonderful tenuity, which acts as a sail, while, with the remaining arms, it rows itself along, the tail in the middle acting as a helm to direct its course, and thus it pursues its voyage; and, if alarmed by any appearance of danger, takes in the water and descends."

Although the Argonauta has never yet been discovered attached to its shell, some observations which have been recently made on the Pearly Nautilus, which very nearly resembles it, have almost proved that such a connexion does really exist. But whether the shell is formed by itself, or only used to assist the creature in its movements, the instinct displayed is not the less wonderful, or worthy of observation. The Mediterranean, and warmer parts of the Atlantic, abound in these interesting animals, and one species is also found in the Indian ocean.

CHRISTMAS.

WE hail with great delight the approach of the Festival of Christmas. It is a happy period of the year, and one which brings with it some of the most pleasing recollections of our life. Every thing that relates to the season is calculated to make a deep and lasting impression on the young mind. The inspiring declaration of the '*glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people*;' the affecting

account of the lowly birth and glorious welcome of the new-born King; and then, the proofs of heartfelt joy among friends, and in families—the glad exchange of kind wishes—the cheerful liberality to humbler people—the comforts of a peaceful fireside:—these are the things which each succeeding Christmas happily renews to many, with a relish confined to no particular time of life. The child rejoices in Christmas; and, in addition to the pleasure of the passing hour, he has some holiday before him. The father rejoices in Christmas; although the mirth of former days may have given place to the more quiet feelings of rational and steadfast joy, upon the occasion of such an anniversary. And who shall doubt that the old rejoice in Christmas? Surely to see those around them, and those a step or two below them in age, smiling and happy, is a happiness to the old—not to mention that especial source of happiness opened to them in the event commemorated at this season, to the contemplation of which, those whose years are leaving them, may turn with increased comfort and joy.

As nothing which relates to the observance of this festival can be out of place at the present time, we shall lay before our readers an account of some of the ancient Christmas customs.

On Christmas-eve, as soon as it was dark, candles of an uncommon size, called CHRISTMAS CANDLES, were lighted up, and a log of wood, called the YULE LOG, or Christmas block, was laid upon the fire, to illuminate the house, and as it were, to turn night into day. YULE is supposed to mean CHRISTMAS. FURMETY was common on this eve for supper. It consisted of *boiled wheat*, mixed with milk, plenty of sugar, &c. The candle, the yule, and the furnety, are kept up in some parts of the country, particularly Yorkshire, at this day. The burning out a ponderous *ashen-faggot* is still observed in some of the farm-houses in Devonshire. A foolish notion formerly prevailed, that, on this eve, oxen knelt in their stalls and moaned.

There appear to have been many whimsical customs belonging to different countries, and to various parts of this country, on Christmas-eve, a full account of which would be tedious:—we therefore proceed to describe some of those of CHRISTMAS-DAY.

The YULE, or CHRISTMAS-feast, is of great antiquity. The lords kept the feast of Christmas chiefly with their king. Barons feasted the whole country, and a whole boar was sometimes put on the table, richly gilt, by way of brawn. But it was a soused BOAR'S HEAD which was carried to the principal table in the hall, with great solemnity, as the first dish on Christmas-day. DUGDALE, speaking of this day, as observed at the Inner-temple, says, "Service in the church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the hall to breakfast, with brawn, mustard, and malmsey." And at dinner, "At the first course is served a fair and large boar's head, upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy." At one of the feasts, mention is made of "*a shippe of silver for an almes-dish*." The Christmas-pie of minced-meat, and various sweet ingredients, was formerly made in the form of a *cratch**, or cradle. The bakers, at this season, used to present their customers with the yule-dough, and paste images, as the chandlers gave Christmas candles Plum-porridge was also usual. In the north of England yule-cakes are still made.

We now come to CHRISTMAS-CAROLS. The word carol may be derived from a Greek word, signifying joy. It was, probably, an imitation of the hymn sung by the angels, which, as Bishop Taylor observes,

* A rack for hay or straw.

was the oldest Christmas carol. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-WILL TOWARD MEN.

It was usual, in the ancient feasts, to single out a person, and "place him in the midst, to sing a kind of carol to God." We need scarcely add that the custom of singing carols, &c., at Christmas, still prevails all over England: and, although a few may be good, yet some of those carols put forth under the head of *Divine Mirth*, are wanting, not only in piety, but in good sense.

The following anecdote, given by a clergyman, describing the practice of singing at this season in Devonshire, may be interesting. "The first time of my coming to live in this parish (in the South Hams of Devon), happened to be *Christmas-eve*. In the middle of the night, I was suddenly awoken by the sweetest music I think I ever heard. It was the sound of many voices, accompanied by instruments, all in harmony. I soon began to account for this most agreeable interruption of my night's rest, and concluded that it was a Christmas carol, or hymn, to welcome in the glorious and happy morning. The music, which had been under my window, gradually died away; and, after a pause, I heard it again, but more faintly, from a distance. On the following (Christmas) morning, on attending to perform the service, I recognised, to my surprise, in the choir of the church, the same voices, singing the same hymn, beginning, '*Hark, the herald angels sing.*' The circumstance made an impression upon me, which it would be difficult to remove."

Nor must we pass by the ancient custom of DECKING CHURCHES and private dwellings with evergreens. It has been thought, by some, to have been adopted in order to record the circumstance of the people cutting down branches from the trees, and strewing them in the way, crying, "*HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID!*" Others have considered it merely a sign or symbol of gladness: and, when we thus look at the laurel, mistletoe, and bright-berried holly, green and flourishing in the depth of winter, when other plants have departed with the summer and autumn, a very natural emblem it seems. Again, it has been said, that evergreens were used, the laurel being, among the Romans, the emblem of joy, peace, and victory; and that, in the Christian sense, it may be justly applied to the victory gained over the powers of darkness by the coming of Christ. The mistletoe, which is also a part of Christmas decorations, is supposed to have been adopted in consequence of the respect paid to it by the Druids.

Stow (in his *Survey of London*) says that, "against the feast of Christmas, every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holme, ivy, bays, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were also garnished in the same manner."

In a curious tract, published about a hundred and thirty years since, entitled, '*Round about our Coal Fire, or, Christmas Entertainments,*' is the following passage: "The rooms were embowered with holly,

ivy, cypress, bays, laurel, and mistletoe, and a bouncing Christmas log in the chimney."

GAY has an allusion to the subject:

When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawld in frequent cries through ail the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,—
Christmas, the joyous period of the year!
Now with bright holly all the temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS appear to have been very general. Among others, we find gifts of toys, clothes, fruit, &c., presented by parents to their children in honour of the day. To these gifts, a *rod* was frequently added, that they might be more easily governed, by the prospect of correction, in the event of their doing wrong.

CHRISTMAS SPORTS were various, according to the humour and taste of the people. *Morris-dancers* and *Mummers* are still found in some parts of the country: but their performances are probably like those of ancient days, in name only.

THE REMORA, OR SUCKING-FISH.

THE extraordinary fish figured below, is furnished with a most peculiar apparatus, on the crown of its head, by which it is enabled at will to fix itself firmly to any other body. For what purpose this uncommon arrangement of parts has been bestowed on it, we have no certain means of judging; for the wonders of the deep are but partially unfolded to our view, and the deep recesses of its caves, the feeding-ground of fish, are completely out of our reach. We may, however, by observing the peculiar formation of the Remora, make some reasonable conjecture at the intention of Providence in thus departing from its ordinary course.

The small size of the fins in this fish, take away from it the power of rapid motion; it may therefore be supposed, that at times it fixes itself to the moving bodies, such as ships, or larger fish, on which it is frequently found, for the purpose of rest, or to help it more rapidly onward in its course. It may also feed, in one instance, on substances thrown overboard by the sailors, and in the other, on such portions of food as its larger companion rejects or lets slip. In addition to this, the power of attaching itself to rocks or other fixed bodies at the bottom of the sea, while waiting for the passing by of any small object on which it can prey, will, no doubt, at times, be of great advantage to its possessor.

A foolish idea prevailed, in former times, that when this fish attached itself in great numbers to the bottoms of vessels, it impeded, or even stopped them in their course, and many fabulous tales have been told to that effect. If no other object has been gained, by the study of natural history, than the removal of such simple prejudices, which would seem to imply that one part of the creation was made for the useless destruction of another, still that study would be a useful object of cultivation.



The Remora, or Sucking-Fish.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

NOTHING is more interesting than those general laws by which God preserves the order of the world. If we had a complete knowledge of all the wonderful contrivances that surround us, we should be filled with admiration and awe: to contemplate those with which we are acquainted, is the highest of intellectual pleasures.

One of these contrivances may be made intelligible even to those who have no acquaintance with Natural Philosophy.

The Air is made up of *two different gases*, or airs, mixed together in a particular proportion. Of these, *one (oxygen)*, which we will call *life-air*, is necessary for the support of men and all other animals, which would die without it; neither could any thing *burn* without the help of this *life-air*. Since, then, a vast quantity of it is consumed every hour, how is the supply kept up? How is it that the stock of *life-air* is still sufficient for us, and our fires and candles?

Now, besides these two gases, there is also present in the atmosphere another gas, called carbonic acid, which is made up of *carbon and life-air*. The name will be unknown to many, but all are well acquainted with the thing: it is what gives spirit to ale, wine, &c., and even to water, which is insipid after boiling, from the loss of its carbonic acid.

This carbonic acid is produced by the breathing of animals, and the putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances. Now, this constant supply *must be got rid of*, or it would kill us; and *it is got rid of* thus: all vegetables—grass, herbs, trees, &c.—suck in this carbonic acid during the day; nourish themselves with the *carbon*, and give back the *life-air* that was combined with it. In the night, they do the reverse; but still, taking a whole day, they lessen the quantity of carbonic acid gas, and furnish the atmosphere with that supply of *life-air*, which is necessary for the existence of the animal creation.

THE HERMIT AND THE VISION.

It is told of a religious recluse, who, in the early ages of Christianity, betook himself to a cave in Upper Egypt, which, in the times of the Pharaohs, had been a depository for mummies, that he prayed there, morning, noon, and night, eating only of the dates which some neighbouring trees afforded, and drinking of the water of the Nile. At length, the hermit became weary of life, and then he prayed still more earnestly.

After this duty, one day he fell asleep, and the vision of an angel appeared to him in a dream, commanding him to arise, and cut down a neighbouring palm-tree, and make a rope of its fibres, and, after it was done, the angel would appear to him again. The hermit awoke, and instantly applied himself to obey the vision.

He travelled about, from place to place, many days before he could procure an axe; and during this journey, he felt happier than he had been for many years. His prayers were now short and few; but what they wanted in length and number, they out-measured in fervency.

Having returned with the axe, he cut down the tree; and, with much labour and assiduity during several days, prepared the fibres to make the rope; and, after a continuance of daily occupation for some weeks, completed the command.

The vision that night appeared to the hermit, as promised, and thus addressed him: "You are now no longer weary of life, but happy. Know then, that man was made for labour; and prayer also is his duty: the one as well as the other is essential to his well-being. Arise in the morning, take the cord, and with it gird up thy loins, and go forth into the world; and let it be a memorial to thee, of what God expects from man, if he would be blessed with happiness on earth."

A MAN who accustoms himself never to be pleased, is very fortunate; as he can never be in want of subjects for his displeasure.—HUNTER.

CURIOUS CASE OF DECEPTION.

A VERY curious case of deception was communicated to me by the son of the lady principally concerned, and tends to show out of what mean materials a venerable apparition may be sometimes formed. In youth, this lady resided with her father, a man of sense and resolution. Their house was situated in the principal street of a town of some size. The back part of the house ran at right angles to an anabaptist chapel, divided from it by a small cabbage-garden. The young lady used sometimes to indulge the romantic love of solitude, by sitting in her own apartment in the evening, till twilight, and even darkness, was approaching.

One evening, while she was thus placed, she was surprised to see a gleamy figure, as of some aerial being, hovering, as it were, against the arched window in the end of the anabaptist chapel. Its head was surrounded by that halo which painters give to the catholic saints; and, while the young lady's attention was fixed on an object so extraordinary, the figure bent gracefully towards her, more than once, as if intimating a sense of her presence, and then disappeared. The seer of this striking vision descended to her family, so much discomposed as to call her father's attention. He obtained an account of the cause of her disturbance, and expressed his intention to watch in the apartment next night. He sat, accordingly, in his daughter's chamber, where she also attended him. Twilight came, and nothing appeared; but as the gray light faded into darkness, the same female figure was seen hovering on the window; the same shadowy form; the same pale light around the head; the same inclinations, as the evening before. "What do you think of this?" said the daughter to the astonished father. "Any thing, my dear," said the father, "rather than allow that we look upon what is supernatural."

A strict research established a natural cause for the appearance on the window. It was the custom of an old woman, to whom the garden beneath was rented, to go out at night to gather cabbages. The lantern she carried in her hand, threw up the refracted reflection of her form on the chapel window. As she stooped to gather her cabbages, the reflection appeared to bend forward; and that was the whole matter.—Sir WALTER SCOTT's *Demonology*.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

Oh ye! who so lately were blithesome and gay
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away;
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the chief of the banquet—the Butterfly's dead!

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,
To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance,
For see his fine form o'er the favourite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle who follows as solemn as he!
And see, where so mournful the green rushes wave;
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn;
And the Moth, being grieved at the loss of a sister,
Bent over her body, and silently kiss'd her.

The corpse was embalm'd at the set of the sun,
And enclosed in a case which the Silkworm had spun,
By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid
On a bier, out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarfs came the Butterflies all,
And six of their numbers supported the pall;
And the Spider came there, in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glow-worm soon frighten'd him back.

The Grub left his nutshell to join the sad throng,
And slowly led with him the Book-worm along,
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines to be placed on his tomb.

The Epitaph.

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave;
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
And hallow'd the mound her ashes had made.
And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow;
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,
Still mourning her friend, shall the Grasshopper sing.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MIMIC

TOWARDS the beginning of the last century, an actor celebrated for mimicry was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery, of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the Doctor with a long catalogue of ailments which, he said, afflicted his wife. The physician heard with amazement of diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient: for since the actor's greatest wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, having completely accomplished his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a bow and scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money poor fellow," cried the Doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The comedian returned to his employer, and related the whole conversation with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author was convulsed with laughter. But his raptures were soon checked, when the mimic told him, with emphatic sensibility, that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public object of ridicule. —*Thoughts on Laughter.*

WHEN we study the writings of *men* it is well if, after much pains and labour, we find some particles of truth amongst a great deal of error. When we read the *Scriptures*, all we meet with is truth. In the former case, we are like the Africans on the Gold Coast, of whom it is said that they dig pits nigh the water-falls of mountains abounding in gold, then with incredible pains and industry wash off the sand till they espy at the bottom two or three shining grains of the metal, which only just pays their labour. In the latter case, we work in a mine sufficient to enrich ourselves and all about us. —BISHOP HORNE.

A PERSON discovering the proofs of the Christian Religion, is like an heir finding the deeds of his estate. Shall he officiously condemn them as counterfeit, or cast them aside without examination? —PASCAL.

It is a pleasure to stand on the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage ground of truth, (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene,) and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth. —BACON.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

O Saviour, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe!

Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell;
Remind us of Thy manger-bed,
And lowly cottage-cell!

If prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free!

Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF LIFE UNDER SNOW.

THE following event, which occurred during the remarkably hard winter of 1708-9, is recorded on the most unquestionable authority. A poor woman near Yeovil, in Somersetshire, having been at Chard to sell her yarn, in her return home fell so very ill that she was forced to take refuge in a small house by the way-side, and being towards evening, she desired the people that they would let her sit by the fire during night. This was denied. She left the house, and feeling very ill, laid herself down under a hedge. It snowed very hard; and in a little time she was almost covered by it. At last one of her neighbours came by, who asked her how she could be so mad as to lie there to be starved. She said her sickness was so violent she could not possibly go further. He then took her up, and bade her try as well as she could, adding, it was not so very far for her to go. She followed him a little way, but unable to persevere, she left him, and laid herself down under the hedge again. She was soon covered with the snow, which was falling very thick. Thus she continued for nearly a week, her neighbours, meanwhile, making great inquiries after her: but no one could give any account except that one man; and he kept silent for fear of a suspicion falling upon him that he had made away with her.

During this surprise, a poor woman dreamed (or rather pretended to have dreamed, the man having, probably, suggested to her this expedient to save his conscience and his neck), that she lay under a hedge in such a place. Her neighbours immediately went to the place with sticks, which they forced through the snow; at last one of them thought he heard a groan: upon which he thrust his stick down with more force, which made the woman cry out, "Oh, for God's sake don't kill me." She was taken out, to the astonishment of them all; and was found to have taken great part of her upper garment for sustenance. She told them she had lain very warm, and had slept most part of the time. One of her legs lay just under a bush, so that it was not quite covered with snow, by which it became almost mortified, but (says the contemporary narrator) it is like to do very well. She was very cheerful, and soon walked. She lay under the hedge at least seven days. —HEARNE'S *Letter to Francis Charry, Esq., of Shottesbrook.*

In February 1799, a similar imprisonment in the snow, but attended, ultimately, with more fatal consequences, was the lot of Elizabeth Woodcock, aged 42, between Impington and Cambridge. She was riding from market, when her horse, frightened by a meteor, started; and, running backward, approached the brink of a ditch. She dismounted, and the horse ran from her. She overtook him, and continued leading him, till worn down with fatigue, and under the load of a heavy basket full of her marketings, she addressed the horse: "Tinker, I am too tired to go on any further, you must go home without me."

She sat herself down, and was soon covered with snow. Here, in a sort of cavern, she was buried alive for eight days. On the morning after her first enclosure, she contrived to break off a stick from the hedge, and tying her handkerchief to it, she thrust it through an opening in the snow. She was certainly sensible all the time, and overheard the conversation of some gypsies, but although she cried as loud as she could, they did not (as they declared) hear her. On the second Sunday, Joseph Muncey, a farmer, on his way home from Cambridge, was drawn to the place by the appearance of the handkerchief, and discovering who it was, went for help. A shepherd who

came, said, "Are you there, Elizabeth Woodcock?" She replied, in a feeble, faint voice, "Dear John Stittle, I know your voice, for God's sake help me out." Stittle made his way through the snow; she



Elizabeth Woodcock.

eagerly grasped his hand and said, "I have been here a long time." "Yes," answered he, "since Saturday." "Ay, Saturday week," she replied, "I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church."

She was then taken home, and a most fatal treatment was she subjected to. They gave her strong liquors, and applied poultices of stale beer and oatmeal boiled together. The direct contrary to which, under Providence, would have restored her. She lost her toes; and lingered on till the following July, when she died.

The following remarks deserve the serious attention of every one:—they appear to be founded on the soundest principles. "The application of heat to the human body, after intense cold, is attended with the most dreadful consequences; it always produces extreme pain, and, most frequently, either partial or general mortification of the parts to which the heat is applied. Instead, therefore, of allowing persons who have thus suffered from frost or snow to come near a fire, let the limbs be rubbed well with snow, or, if snow cannot be procured, let them be put into cold water, and afterwards rubbed with flannel for a considerable time; (the contrary, in the case of Elizabeth Woodcock, having been nearly fatal.) Let the person be kept most cautiously from taking too much or too nutritious food. Spirits also, or wine, should, under no pretence whatever, be given, without being weakened very much with water. Great attention must be paid to the state of the bowels. The use of opium and camphor is much to be recommended, though at first the opium should be given in very small portions."

The narrative ends with this remark. "We are sorry to add, that too free indulgence in spirituous liquors is supposed to have been the cause, both of the accident which befel Elizabeth Woodcock, and its fatal consequences.—*Gent. Mag.*

"WITHOUT knowing particulars," says Bishop Butler,—one, at least, of the soundest reasoners that have ever lived,—*"I take upon me to assure all persons who think that they have received indignities or injurious treatment, that they may depend upon it, as in a manner certain, that the offence is not so great as they imagine."*

We are too apt to forget our actual dependence on Providence for the circumstances of every instant. The most trivial events may determine our state in the world. Turning up one street, instead of another, may bring us in company with a person whom we should not otherwise have met; and this may lead to a train of other events which may determine the happiness or misery of our lives.—CECIL.

ONE of the fathers saith, "that there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men; that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.—BACON.

TIME.

THE DOUBTER'S QUESTION.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are years!

Ocean of Time! whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!

Thou shoreless flood, which, in thy ebb and flow,
Claspest the limits of mortality!

And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore!

Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,—
Who shall put forth on thee,

Unfathomable sea?

P. B. S.

THE BELIEVER'S ANSWER.

OCEAN of Time! There is ONE LORD, who sways

Alike thine issues, and th' unwearied tide,
Which, thy stern image, laving earth, decays

Man's works, as thou his race. In HIM we bide

Thy scorn, thy desolation! Had not HE,

Who to the wild brine spake, "Thy proud waves here
Be stayed!" in voice of mighty angel clear,

Seal'd e'en thy doom, and mark'd thy limits drear,
Fain might we shrink from thee,

Unfathomable sea!

But thou, in whose dim confines hours of hours,

Ages of ages, wane;—as Amazon,

Nile, Ganges, mightiest waters that earth pours

In ocean's waste, to cold oblivion run,—

E'en thou shalt melt into eternity!

And when thy race is o'er, thy changes fled,

When the spoil'd waves and tombs resign their dead,

On a bright shore shall dwell blest myriads sped,

Which once put forth on thee,

Unfathomable sea!

And HE who trode th' impetuous foam; whose word

The swelling surge and wrathful tempest laid,

Whose hand, (th' all-guiding hand of Nature's Lord!)

On the rough deep his fainting servant stayed,

O'er thy lone billows shall my pilot be!

Yes! though, when Death unfolds his shadowy realm,

Visions of awe this parting soul o'erwhelm,

The cross, my heart's sure anchor, FAITH, my helm,

I will put forth on thee,

Unfathomable sea!

T. P. O.

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